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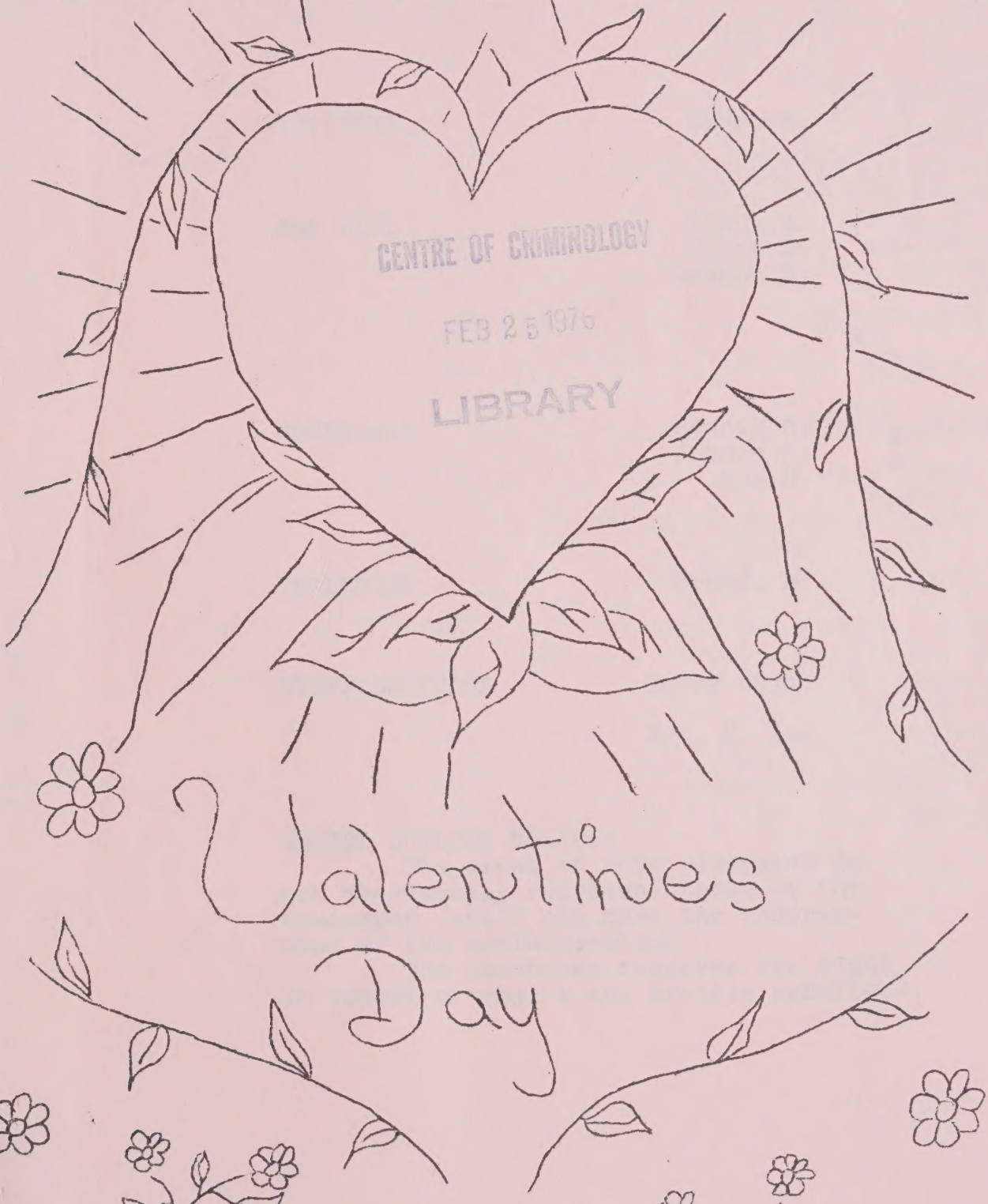

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY
FEB 25 1976
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Valentines Day

VOL. 3
NO. 7

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MAST HEAD

INVICTUS	Laura M.
KON TIKI	Linda S. Carol S. Deanna D.
HOCHELAGA	Bonnie R. Joanne M. Sue H.
INGLESIDE	Brenda H.
STAFF AUDITORS	Terry Angle Mrs. E. Lum

INSIDE OUTLOOK POLICY:

The views of this newspaper do not necessarily represent those of the newspaper staff nor have the endorsement of the administration.

The newspaper reserves the right to accept or reject any article submitted.

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VALENTINE"S DAY

The dictionary defines "Valentine" as a sweetheart to whom one pays one's respects on St. Valentine's Day and sometimes it's a greeting often sent anonymously, usually by one who is afraid to declare his or her love for the other person.

My first Valentine card was received anonymously when I was fourteen- a long time ago, but I still remember the emotion I felt at that time. I had been brought up in a family of boys and femininity just didn't exist to them. If I showed any female traits at all they were usually laughed at or ridiculed as small boys often do when they do not understand. But my first Valentine card was mine, addressed to me and meant only for me. Since then I realized just how gullible I was, to believe it came from someone who loved me as much as the card said (it was probably a joke by one of my wretched brothers!). But no matter, it had a beautiful impact upon me. For the first time I realized I didn't have to tag around after my brothers being a "tomboy" all my life.

Since then I have received many such cards and all of them have some special and precious meaning to me depending on the life stage I was going through at the time. I feel, personally, that it would be a beautiful world if we could live with love in our hearts towards our fellow men/ women all the time and not just on one social day of the year. I think the words of a poem by Phyllis Culp Macny expresses more dearly:-

"WITH LOVE"

With love... I laugh; with love... I give
With love I've found the way to live
And there's just nothing in the world
That I can't do
... with love.

Submitted by Barnsie

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
****

ELIZABETH FRY * CONTEST RESULTS

Thank you to those in every Elizabeth Fry Branch in Ontario and to Mrs. Mary Shantz in St. Catharines, and to the staff in the institutions who helped to make the contest a success.

The attached comments by our judge, June Callwood, speak for themselves. We are very grateful for your interest and participation.

1st Prize: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow by Terri L.

2nd Prize: Guess Who's Coming to Dinner? by Nancy W.

3rd Prize: Time Out of Time by Caro W.

4th Prize: by Veronica Valerie S.

Comments by the Judge:

1. Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow is powerful, strong, moving and succeeds in conveying a sense of the author despite some stiffness in the style.
2. Guess Who's Coming to Dinner? is a brilliant piece of work, engaging and witty in its gallow's humour.
3. Time Out of Time has remarkable imagery , the work of an original mind.
4. Scott's (Vanier) untitled autobiography is vivid, unpretentious, a spill of sorrow,
5. The Story of my life, by Rose W shows us a cultivated gentle artist; story told with simplicity.
6. Pat M.'s entry is well constructed, full of the author's desperation, fine writing. (Vanier)
7. Autobiography by Marie Claire M. expresses helplessness and a feeling of drift effectively.
8. Judy G. (Vanier) has written a powerful account of a skid that expresses a gallant quality; the poem is stunning.
9. Bette B. (Vanier) has written an insightful account of a street person, full of loneliness and rage clearly expressed.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY cont'd....

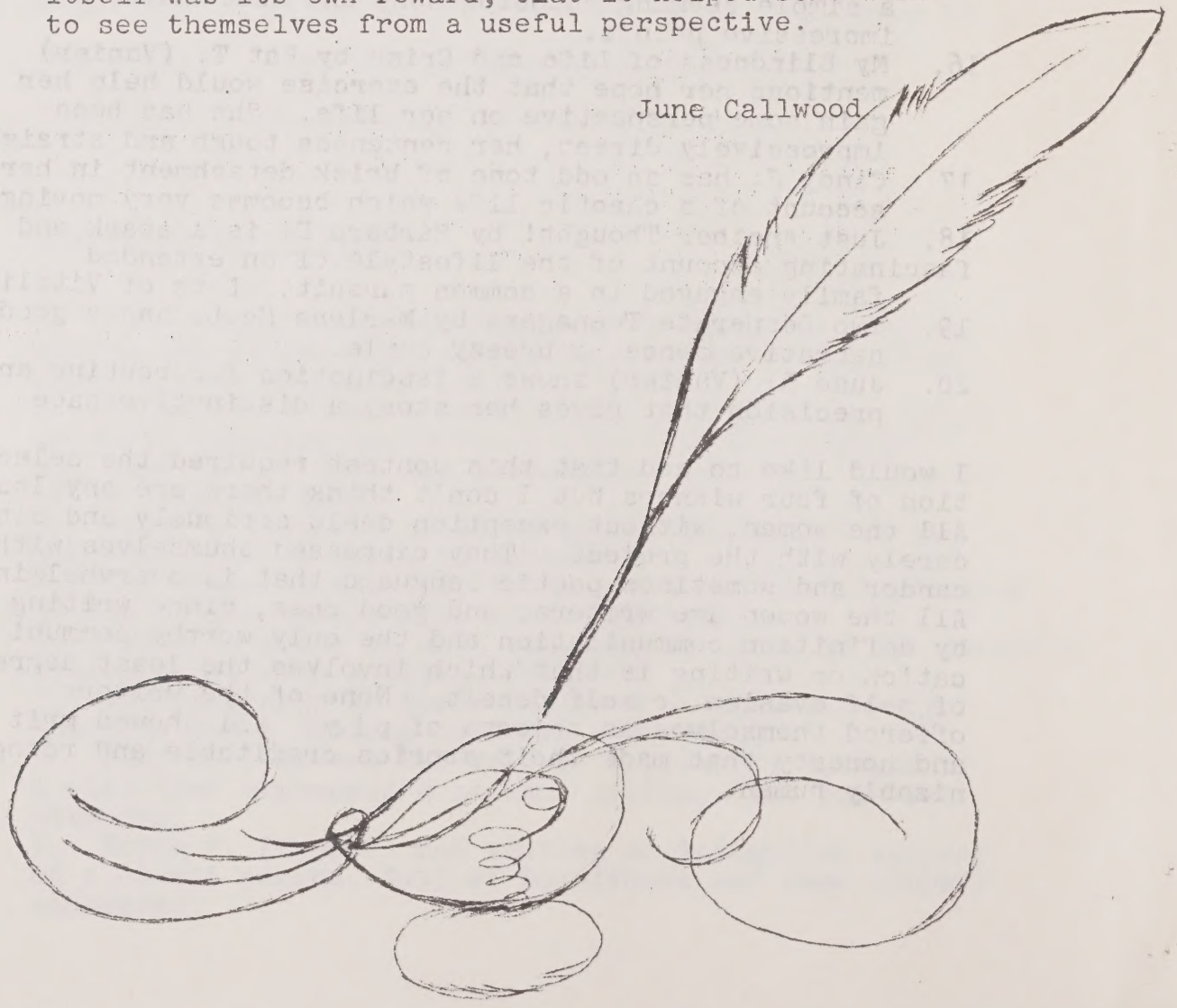
10. Going Home by Diana V. is powerful and poignant, with a good sense for metaphor.
11. My Life by Roswitha H. would have been 5th if the prize list had been extended; good, unstilted writing by an articulate intelligent woman; a curious flat emotional tone. (Vanier)
12. Beverley W. 's writing would have won a 6th prize. It has lovely fragments of her childhood on the prairies, a haunting feeling of loss beautifully expressed by a perceptive person. (Vanier)
13. Faye F."s story is straightforward, full of clarity and a sense of balance. (Vanier)
14. Shroud of Pain by Anne B. is poignant and involving, with some striking insights into relationships. (Vanier)
15. Audrey H. tried something more difficult than a simple seeming autobiography and made some impressive points.
16. My Blindness of Life and Crime by Pat T. (Vanier) mentions her hope that the exercise would help her gain some perspective on her life. She has been impressively direct, her sentences tough and straight.
17. Cindy J. has an odd tone of brisk detachment in her account of a chaotic life which becomes very moving.
18. Just Another Thought! by Barbara B. is a stark and fascinating account of the lifestyle of an extended family engaged in a common pursuit. Lots of Vitality.
19. Two Desperate Teenagers by Marlene Mc.L. has a good narrative sense, a breezy style.
20. June R. (Vanier) shows a fascination for routine and precision that gives her story a distinctive pace.

I would like to add that this contest required the selection of four winners but I don't think there are any losers. All the women, without exception dealt seriously and sincerely with the project. They expressed themselves with candor and sometimes poetic language that is overwhelming. All the women are writers, and good ones, since writing is, by definition communication and the only worthy communication or writing is that which involves the least degree of self evasion or self deceit. None of the writers offered themselves as objects of pity; all showed grit and honesty that made their stories creditable and recognizably human.

All writing takes courage; a blank page is intimidating and the writing takes a fearful risk that when the work is done it will be so poor that self-contempt will stomp all over the room. The hardest writing of all is to write about yourself. Since everyone is so complicated that there are many truths even contradictory things are true, and the result can be a caricature that is an embarassment. Every woman took that risk and every woman pulled it off despite the odds because of the starkly simple style that almost all chose. I want to congratulate everyone on the clarity, pyngency, and integrity of their articles.

I must add that judging is too subjective to really have meaning. Another judge might have selected four other winners for reasons as valid as those I tried to apply. I can only hope that the exercise itself was its own reward, that it helped some women to see themselves from a useful perspective.

June Callwood



VALENTINE'S DAY HISTORY

The Romans celebrated their feast of Lupercalia as a lovers' festival for young people. Young men and women chose partners for the festival by drawing names by chance from a box. Then the partners exchanged gifts as a sign of affection. They usually continued to enjoy one another's company long after the festival. Many such courtships ended in marriage. After the spread of Christianity, churchmen tried to give Christian meaning to the pagan festival. In 496, Pope Gelasius changed the Lupercalia festival of February 15 to Saint Valentine's Day on February 14. But the sentimental meaning of the Festival has remained to the present time.

Historians disagree about the identity of St. Valentine. One St. Valentine was a priest who lived in Rome during the 200's under Emperor Claudius II. The Romans jailed him for aiding persecuted Christians. People believe that he cured his jailkeeper's daughter of blindness. About A.D. 270, the Romans beheaded him on Palatine Hill at the site of an ancient altar to Juno. Many years later, Christians named a hall in Rome, Porto Valentini after St. Valentine. The name was later changed to Porto del Popolo. St. Valentine's remains are buried in the church of St. Paaxedes in Rome. Another St. Valentine was a bishop of Terni, about 60 miles from Rome. One source says that he was persecuted for converting a Roman family to Christianity. He was also beheaded in Rome in A.D. 273...

Historians know little about early celebration of Valentine's Day according to Popular Antiquities, a book by John Brand published in 1877, people in England observed the holiday as early as 1446. In early days, young people chose their valentines by writing names on slips of paper, then drawing them by chance from a vase.....

An account of the celebration of the holiday in the 1700's describes how social groups met in the homes of gentry on the eve of Valentine's Day to carry out this custom. After drawing lots, each young man wore the paper with his lady's name on his sleeve, "probably came from this custom."

Young men often presented gifts to their valentines. In some places, the young man gave his lady a pair of gloves. Among wealthy families, men gave fancy-dress balls in honor of their valentines. The custom of sending sentimental messages gradually replaced that of giving fine gifts.

In United States, Valentine's Day became popular in the 1800's at the time of the Civil War. A writer in a magazine of 1863 wrote, "Indeed with the exception of Christmas, there is no festival throughout the world which is invested with half the interest belonging to this cherished anniversary." Many Valentines of that period were handpainted.

VALENTINE'S DAY HISTORY

They usually showed a fat cupid whose arrows pierced a heart. Some had satin ribbon and lace trimmings. Feathers, mother-of-pearl, tassels, imitation gems, sea shells, and even dried flowers and seaweed decorated others. Some of the elaborate cards cost as much as $10 apiece. Many old valentines, usually valued for their decorative qualities, have become collector's items.

Linda Smith

TO MY LOVING WIFE FOR VALENTINE'S

During the past year, I have tried to seduce you 365 times. I have only succeeded 36 times. This is an average of once every ten days. The following is the list of the reasons, why I did not succeed more often.

Wake the children up.....17 times
It's too hot.....23 times
It's too cold.....15 times
It's too late.....15 times
You were pretending to be asleep.....45 times
Window open, neighbours might hear.....9 times
Backache.....8 times
Toothache.....7 times
Giggles.....6 times
Too full.....10 times
Not in mood.....14 times
Baby was crying.....9 times
Watching the late show.....16 times
Mud pack.....4 times
New hairdo.....5 times
Company in next room.....12 times
Headache.....29 times

During the 36 times I did succeed the activity was not entirely satisfactory because:

2 times you decided the ceiling needed painting.
5 times you chewed gum the whole time.
4 times you watched T.V. over my shoulder.
18 times you told me to hurry up and get it over with.
6 times I woke you up to tell you we were through.
And once I was afraid I had hurt you because I felt you move.

Honey, It's no damn wonder I drink so much.

Your loving husband.

Submitted by Gabby F.

MODERN DAY VALENTINES

Valentine's Day is celebrated on February 14, as a festival of romance and affection. People send valentine cards to their sweethearts, friends, and members of their families. Valentine's Day comes on the feast day of two different Christian martyrs named Valentine. But the customs connected with the day have nothing to do with the lives of the saints.

Valentine's Day is not a business or bank holiday. School and business remain open as usual. But during the weeks before the festival merchants sell valentines and decorations for Valentine's Day parties and dances. School Children decorate their classrooms with bright red paper hearts. On Valentine's Day women and girls receive gifts, candy, or flowers from their favorite " Valentine."

There are many beliefs and customs associated with this festival occa s ion. Years ago, people held many beliefs in connection with Valentine's Day. One of the oldest beliefs said that birds chose their mates on February 14. And old English superstition warned that it was bad luck to bring snowdrops into the house before Valentine's Day if unmarried girls in the home hoped to be married before the end of the year.

Most Valentine's Day customs were concerned with romance or the choice of a mate. Single girls had many ways of learning the identity of their future husbands. Sometimes a girl wrote her boy-friends name on bits of paper and rolled each name in a little piece of clay. She then dropped the clay into water. The first scrap of paper to rise to the top was supposed to contain the name of her true valentine. Some unmarried girls pinned five bay leaves to their pillow on the eve of Valentine's Day. They pinned one leaf to the centre of the pillow and one to each corner and believed they would see their future husbands in their dreams if the charm worked.

Submitted by Brenda H.

FROM ST. LEONARD'S, BRAMPTON

Hey Girls:

I'm writing this article on the street, but for a while when I first got out, it seemed like I was still in the joint. The only difference being I had to start making my own decisions. It was really scary. Like, how do you tell your partner, the one that you pulled all those scores with, that you want to try and keep your act together and try the straight life? Let me tell you, it sure wasn't easy. I guess this is sounding like I've been out for ages, or, at least a year. Well, believe it or not, I've only been out since September. It's only three months, but it's already seemed like a lifetime. Especially when you're in my situation, when, in the last thirteen years, the longest that you've spent on the street at any given time has been about two months.

What I'm really trying to say with all this talking is I would never have made it out on the street this long without the special friends that I have met since being released. You all must be aware of St. Leonard's House in Brampton. Yep, the one where Bette B. works. Well, in the house we have two special people, one of whom you girls are familiar with. If you know of Vicky, then you'll know why she is one of the special people. The other person, Ed Alexander, is also special. In the Christmas edition of your newspaper, both these people wrote an article. Again, let me say, without the special help from them, I would be back in. By special help, I mean guidance, discussions, and a general feeling of love. For the longest time, I always thought that I could make it on my own, only I never realized what making it entailed.

All this is bringing us to the main theme of this letter. "If you really want to make it, you'll need someone to help you". Sure, you can say, "Boy, is the street grand! I'm not going to do anything to mess up my freedom!" What's going to happen when you need a few bucks? Are you going out to boost something, or are you going to sell yourself? Let me say what's on all of our minds, "It's not worth it." All that is going to happen is that you're going to get caught, and end up back inside; there goes the dream of making it!

There are numerous organizations out here that will give you a hand when you're down and don't be afraid to use them. That's what they're here for. I know, for example, if one of the girls from any joint came here seeking help they would never be turned away though this is virtually a male organization.

The last part of this letter is just a thought: before leaving the institution, check the organizations that are there for your help. If you get any hassle from any staff member while trying to do this, tell them where to get off of the bus. BUT, you had better be sincere about making it.

Sincerely yours,
Danny B.

JOKES

1. What kind of shoes are made out of banana skins?
*** Slippers***

2. What is the most difficult train to catch?
*** The 12:50 because it's 10 to one if you catch it.

3. What colors would you paint the sun and the wind?
*** The sun rose and the wind blue!***

4. What would happen if a girl should swallow her spoon?
*** She wouldn't be able to stir.

5. What most resembles half a cheese?
*** The other half!***

6. What time is it when a pie is divided among four hungry boys?
*** A quarter to one!**

7. What do you think is the greatest feat of eating ever known?
*** The one in which the man began by bolting the door, threw up a window, and then sat down and swallowed a story whole.

8. What is the highest building in New York?
*** The public library has the most stories.***

9. What part of a fish weighs the most?
*** The scales.***

10. What makes the ocean angry?
*** It has been crossed so many times.***

11. What is the coldest place in a theater?
*** Z Row, (zero)***

12. What is the best thing to take when you are run down?
***The license number!

13. What did the big firecracker say to the little firecracker?
*** My pop's bigger than your pop.***

14. What does the garden say when it laughs?
*** HOE, HOE, HOE.***

15. What is the best and cheapest light?
*** Daylight.***

16. What driver never gets arrested?
*** A Screwdriver.***

Submitted by Bonnie R.

VANIER PROBLEMS

I hope to be making this a regular feature in the Inside-Outlook, so that both residents and staff here at the Vanier can test their mathematical ability. Each feature will concentrate on a particular kind of mathematical problem. In this issue it's fractions. Good Luck.

Problem 1: If 3/5 of the residents of Invictus went on a group T.A.P., and the total number of residents on the cottage was 20, how many remained on the cottage?

Problem 2: Mrs. Henderson has six residents in her Foods class. Each person uses a recipe that requires 2 1/2 cups of flour, 2 1/4 cups of baking powder, 1/2 cup of shortening and 1 1/4 cups of sugar. How much of each ingredient is used by the entire class?

Problem 3: Deanna D. of Kontiki decides to buy a record player for $90.00. She pays 1/5 in cash and the rest in 6 equal monthly installments. How much must she pay each month?

Problem 4: Debbie B. of Invictus earns $3.50 an hour when she works. Her overtime rate is time and a half. How much is that?

Problem 5: Mr. Turner in the Laundry needs 15 residents to get all his work done, but he only has 5. What fraction of the work can he do?

Problem 6: Mr. Doyle decides to increase the incentive allowance by 1/3, how much money would a resident earn each week if she was on level four?

Problem 7: A trip to court covers a distance of 12 miles at 15 3/4¢ per mile. What is the cost of the trip.

Problem 8: Linda S. types 225 words in 6 1/2 minutes. How many words per minute is that?

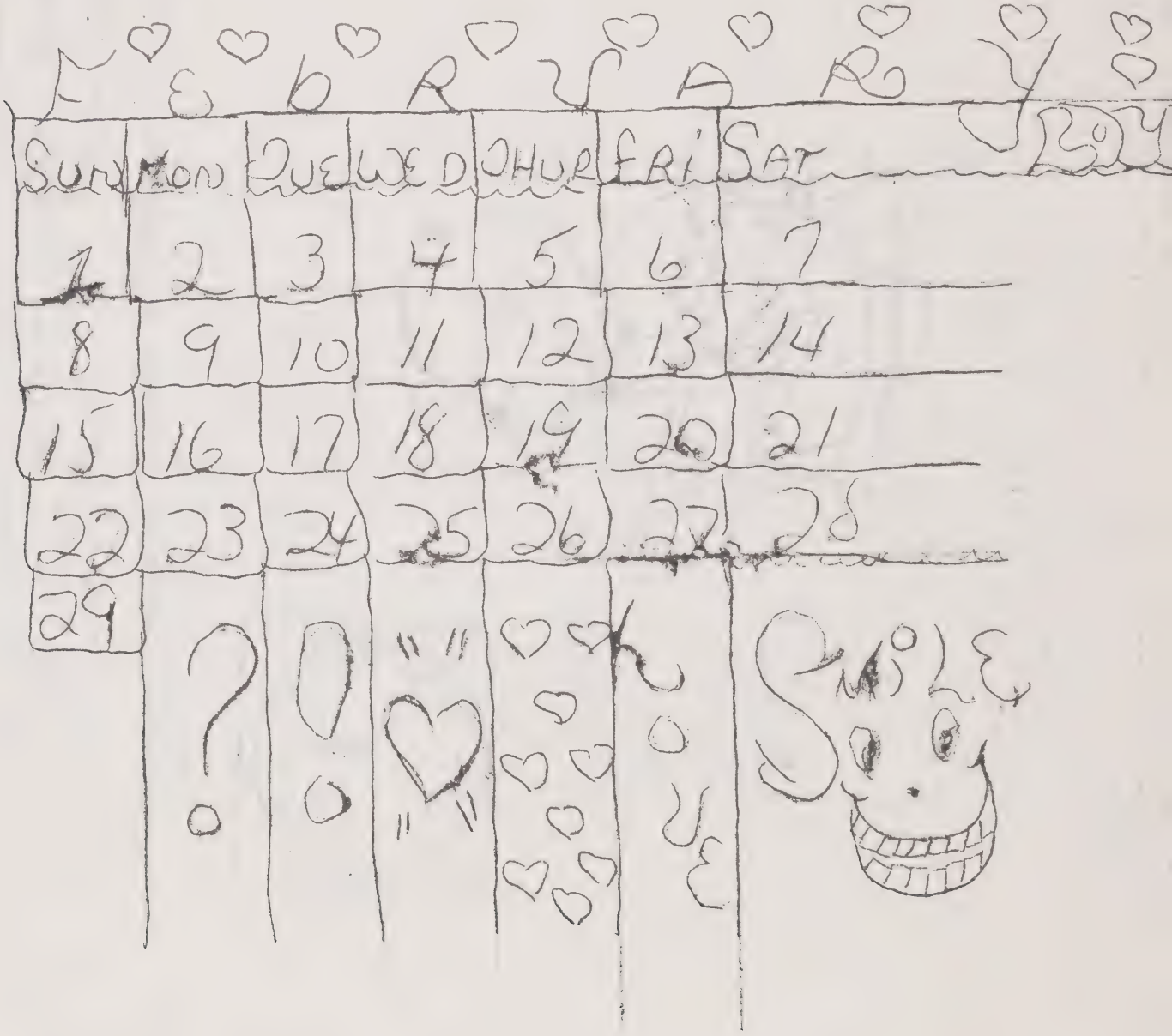
Problem 9: A certain stock sold at 39 5/8 when the stock market opened for the day, but was selling at 37 3/4 when it closed. How much did the stock lose?

Problem 10: If Hochelega had 1/5 of all the residents at Vanier, how many residents would be here?

Submitted by Terry Angle.

Answers on page 14.

Playgirl of Month


FEBRUARY
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
8 9 10 11 12 13 14
15 16 17 18 19 20 21
22 23 24 25 26 27 28
29

Answers To Vanier Problems

No. 1: - 13 Residents

No. 2: - 15 Cups of Flour
- 13 Cups of Baking Powder
- 3 Cups of Shortening
- 7 Cups of Sugar

No. 3: - $12.50 each month

No. 4: - $5.25 an hour

No. 5: - 1/3 (unless he works the rest harder)

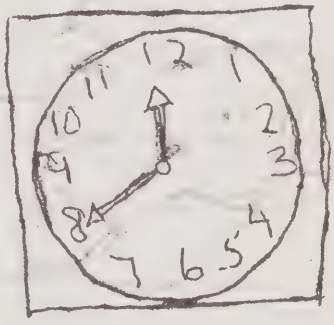
No. 6: - 1/3 of $8.00 = $2.67 Answer $8.00 + 2.67 = $10.67

No. 7: - $1.89

No. 8: - 34.6 words per minute

No. 9: - 1 7/8

No.10: - (assuming the total is 100 answer would be 20)



POETRY

GOOD FRIENDS

Good friends are not commodities
On supermarket shelves
All neatly priced and packaged
So folks can help themselves.

They don't come by the dozen
They're not sold by the pound
To find the best in quality
It pays to shop around.

We look for friends with loyalty
A sense of humor too
And strength enough when things get tough
To help us muddle through.

Oh, yes, we want our friends to come
Completely guaranteed
To last for a lifetime
And fulfill our every need.

But while we're busy shopping
For the friends who'll suit us best
Do we ever stop to wonder
If we, too, can meet the test.

How much will we contribute?
What effort will we make?
To love and help and comfort
And give as well as take?

For friendship is a joint affair
Its bounties must be earned
The loyalty and strength we seek
Must also be returned.

And only if we measure up
And do our part will we
Become the kind of friend we'd like
Somebody else to be!

by Alice E. Chase

submitted by

GOODBYE

And finally I'll say goodbye.
Don't feel you have to love.
I'm chattering crazy,
Or maybe coming into a crazier kind of peace.

How you loved! Your lips just grazing over disaster,
Tasting nothing, but that doesn't matter.
How you loved ! how you destroyed !
Offhandedly, like a great pale curious boy.

O coldness of failure, cold certainty,
There's no settling with you. The body
wanders around, sees light; sun and moon
shine through the glass pane.

The empty body goes on with its little task.
But the hands fall light and slack,
And like a small flock, sideways,
All sounds and smells graze off away.

Submitted by Linda S. (author)

REMEMBER HOW WE SPENT OUR NIGHT TIMES

Remember how we spent our night times,
Sometimes with a song, sometimes with
a card game
Or sometimes we let our fantasies grow
As we sat by our windows and counted the
stars;
And thought of dances and drinks in how
many bars.

At least, to be truthful, I did! Oh Yes,
Of the outside world with it's neon signs
And our great times. Then killed our dreams
with reality--
Quoted "some of us think"...but it had to
be.

Remember our Sundays at A.T.C.
This I did enjoy because I was me.
It was great, I had help...yes, from all of you.

Without you all I would't have made it, that is
so true
I'm going to miss you all...not that I want to
stay
But just because you helped me to be me;
This I appreciate, but now it is late
And I am to be free
These friends I'm going to miss

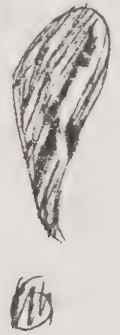
I'm going to miss you all.

Pauline P.

MARCH "76"

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Smile!



BECAUSE WE'RE FRIENDS...
****

1. A friend is the first person who comes in
when the whole world has gone out....
Author: Mary Dawson Hughes

++++++++++++++++++

2. Give me a friend and I'll worry along:
My vision may vanish, my dream may go wrong;
My wealth I may lose, or my money may spend;
But I'll worry along, if you give me a friend.

Give me a friend, and my youth may depart
But still I'll be young in the house of my heart,
Yes, I'll go laughing right on to the end
Whatever the years, if you give me a friend.
Author: Lois A. Bailey

++++++++++++++++++

3. If only all the hands that reach could touch...
Author: Mary A. Loberg

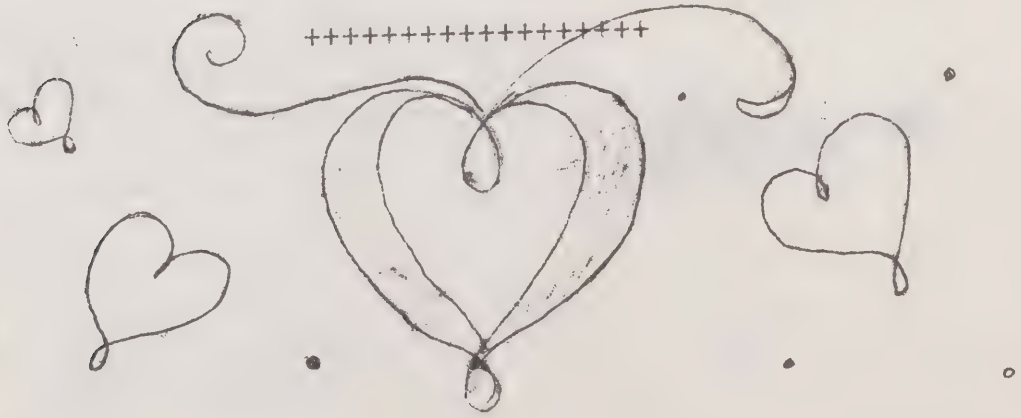
++++++++++++++++++

4. Love is flower-like
Friendship is like a sheltering tree....
Author: Samuel Taylor Coleridge

++++++++++++++++++

5. A blessed thing it is for any man or woman
to have a friend, one human soul whom we
can trust utterly, who knows the best and
worst of us, and who loves us in spite of
all our faults....
Author: Charles Kingsley

++++++++++++++++++



What does it mean to be a friend?
... A helping hand to the journey's end
... A loyal heart and a loving one, too,
No task too great for a friend to do!

What does it mean to be a friend?
... A burden carried around the bend
... A hill to climb for another's sake,
There's nothing a friend won't undertake!

What does it mean to be a friend?
... A tongue that is quickest to defend,
A friend comes through when the test demands;
A friend is a person who understands.

What does it mean to be a friend?
... A life to keep and a purse to lend,
The sort of friend I want to be
The kind of friend you are to me...
Author Anne Cambell

****

Sometimes, a friend is like a favorite book;
You know his every thought and word and look...
And yet, you like him handy on your shelf,
Because, somehow, he warms your deeper self.

He may not hold the thrill that others do
But just because he's genuine and true,
Like some fine masterpiece beyond compare,
When all the rest are gone, he'll still be there

Yes, some friends are a lot like favorite books;
They don't depend upon their fame or looks;
It's what's inside... their deeper basic worth
That makes us hold some friends the best.
Author: Lowrie Marshall

Submitted to Inside Outlook
compliments of:
Patrice O'D. Ingleside.

From Brampton Daily Times December 11, 1975
....PG.L9

DOING A BETTER JOB

Peel County Judge J. A. Hollingworth has come to the conclusion that in most cases, "reformatories" do a better job for society than penitentiaries.

We've come to the same conclusion, but--as might have been expected--not without a great deal of soul-searching.

It is fashionable today to re-examine the law and penal reform of the past decade which has resulted in persons convicted of violent crime being let loose on the streets on temporary absence passes and persons accused of murder being allowed out on bail.

As far as circumstances such as those are concerned, the criticism of our legal process still applies.

But in the lower reaches of justice--the whole spectrum of minor crimes and misdemeanors--there is little question that reformatories and correctional centres do a better job than penitentiaries.

We haven't always believed this, but we have three examples in Brampton to study: The Vanier Centre for Women, the Adult Training Centre, and Ontario Correctional Institute.

Critics of the three Centers could probably come up with a lengthy list of their failures and another lengthy list of "repeaters" who obviously were not helped by correctional procedures.

But we suggest would no where approximate a similar list for the Kingston federal penitentiary.

It's true that Kinston serves a a maximum security prison for major crimes and that Vanier, ATC, or OCI serve for lesser offences.

That, we believe, is the point.

A federal penitentiary for someone convicted of a minor offence will propel the offender in one of two directions: He (or she) will either leave determined never to return or, as a far more likely possibility, he (or she) will leave determined to get back at the system which resulted in the incarceration.

Furthermore, a federal penitentiary makes an excellent finishing school for criminals. The cream of the crop is right there to give instruction and pass on tips. In one short stay, you can probably learn how to crack a safe, handle a firearm or pull a bank job. You also have the advantage of learning where your teacher went wrong.

In contrast, we present just a tiny bit of evidence from Vanier. Residents of the institution publish their own newspaper. Much of the paper is given over to self-expression by other inmates.

HOW I FEEL ABOUT VALENTINE'S DAY

Valentine's Day to me, as the years go by and you get older, it doesn't really affect you like it did when you were young. Now that I am older, it's just a sweet memory of when I was young; receiving a box of candy and a card from my boyfriend really gave me joy then.

Now I must say, although I do receive a gift once in a while, it doesn't really matter to me--Valentine's Day really isn't a big day for me.

I guess I don't look forward toward this day as much as when I was younger and in school. We had parties, and, of course, our little valentines...so there once again are my memories.

I'll just sum up with "live and let live".

Submitted by JoAnne M.

REFRIGERATOR CHERRY CHEESECAKE

1 8 oz. package Cream Cheese
1 cup icing sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup of whipping cream or 1 pkg. Dream Whip
graham cracker crumb crust
1 can cherry pie filling

Graham Cracker Crumb Crust
Mix together 1½ cups graham cracker crumbs
¼ cup butter-melted
1 tbsp. sugar

1. Press crumb mixture into a 9x9 inch pan—chill
2. Cream cheese well
3. Add vanilla, blend thoroughly
4. Add sifted icing sugar, blend thoroughly
5. Whip the cream and fold into the cheese mixture
6. Pour onto prepared crust
7. Top with cherry pie filling and refrigerate until firm.

This is a quick, rich dessert. Great to serve at coffee time. Even if you don't like cheese-Try this...

Submitted by Mrs. Henderson.

THE BEST VALENTINE OF ALL

Long, long ago, in ancient times, I was a little girl. I dimly remember the teacher in Grade Two class telling us we were to exchange valentines. It was novel and a lot of fun; drawing, coloring, and cutting out valentines--then wondering to whom to give which, and would we get many in return. Thus, I was initiated into the wonderful world of February 14th!

Since then, over these many centuries, I have experienced the whole range of emotions connected with this magical day: friendly liking, puppy love, infatuation, erotic attraction, conjugal and maternal love. As the fires of youth slowly diminished, the word "love" has evolved to include a diffused warmth toward all mankind.

On a recent twilight, three people could be seen wending their way to the Administration Building. The old lady in the middle was supported by the two young folks on either side. Because of the icy conditions, it seemed the most natural thing at the time.

Later, it occurred to me how different these three looked: Gabrielle, a pretty Francophone female; Terry, a handsome WASP male; and in the middle, little Oriental me! It was a veritable miniature U.N. Weren't the French supposed to be against the English-Canadians? And the non-whites against them both? What was going on here?

They say that actions speak louder than words--also that one picture is worth one thousand words. To me, that particular picture is still vivid in my mind's eye. It is dearer than the most expensive store-bought valentine, and will stay with me a long, long time.

Thank you, dear Gabrielle and Terry, for the BEST VALENTINE OF ALL!

Elsie

E. Lum, Commercial Teacher

P.S. Actually, some poetic (or is it prosaic?) licence was taken with the above--it was REALLY I who was holding on to Terry's arm. You simply cannot imagine the number of male biceps I have hung onto lately, using my mending fractured ankle as an excuse!

CALORIE COUNTER FOOD AT VANIER.

JUICE:

apple juice	120		orange juice	130	
grapefruit juice	90				

BEVERAGE:

milk	165		coffee	10	
tea	000				

MEATS:

roast beef	190		hamburger	150	3 oz.
steak	200	3 oz.	stew with veg	250	a serv.
roast chicken	160	3 oz.	pork chop	210	3 oz.
pork sausage	400	3 oz.	liver beef	150	3 oz.
roast beef sand	325	1 sand.			

VEGETABLE:

cabbage boiled	30	¾ cup	green peas	30	½ cup
potatoes baked	100	1 med.	potatoes boiled	80	3 small
potatoes mashed	80	½ cup	potatoes french fry	300	1 cup
sauerkraut	15	½ cup	squash boiled	35	1 cup
radishes	10	6 small	carrots boiled	15	1 cup
carrots raw	20	1 med.	celery raw	5	2 stalk

DESSERTS:

PUDDING

bananas	200	3½ oz.	rice	200	3½ oz.
tapioca	140	3½ oz.	pumpkin pie	300	1 slice
peaches canned	225	2 halves	ice cream vanilla	215	4 oz.
ice cream choc	260	4 oz.	ice cream straw	215	4 oz.

FRUITS:

bananas	85	1 med.	apples	60	1 med.
oranges	70	1 med.			

CEREAL:

puffed rice	60	1 cup	puffed corn	90	1 cup
puffed wheat	55	1 cup	shredded wheat	120	1 bis.
bran flakes	80	½ cup	corn flakes	75	1 cup
rice crispie	75	1 cup			

MISC:

rice cooked	75	½ cup	macaroni and cheese	460	1 cup
haddock baked	120	3 oz.	bacon fried	115	3 strip
bread white	65	1 slice	bread brown	60	1 slice
bread rye	65	1 slice	mayonnaise	70	1 tbsp.
p. butter sand	300	1 sand.	jams	65	1 tbsp.
butter	100	1 tbsp.	popcorn no butter	50	1 cup
soft drinks	80	1 cup	egg	75	1 small
cheese	115	1 slice			

CAKES:

angel food	150	1 piece	cup, iced	235	1 piece
fruit dark	240	1 piece	plain not iced	215	1 piece
plain iced	250	1 piece	pound	225	1 piece
sponge	165	1 piece			

COMPLIMENTS OF
HEALTH CENTRE

CONCERN... ALSO PART OF FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

It's St. Valentine's Day again and this year, I'd like to share more than just pretty words on coloured pasted cards. With you Sis., I'd like to share my anxieties, and my fears; after all, aren't they also part of LOVE? We've been some pretty rough times together: we know the meaning of tragedy... and if we don't pull up our antennas, start listening to what the man up at Administration is saying, we're headed for a worse tragedy: The loss of our TAP Program!

Hey! this is getting to be serious business. There is a number of things I really don't give a damn about around here but my TAP Program doesn't happen to be one of them.

You know Sis., I'm not here by choice: I was forced to come here. It's our common misfortunes that has made you a friend to me, dearer than my sister but still, sometimes, I wish you'd get lost, other times, I wish they would freeze me away for the time I have to serve but that's futile wishing and I must remain here, body and soul... Why don't you and I try to make it as comfortable as possible for each other? We're here, why not make the best of it? Let's cut through the elephant shit, the bullshit, the chicken shit and get right down to the core of the problem OK?

First of all on RUMOURS: When I project a thought, for Pete's sake, would you recognize it as such and I'll try to give you the same consideration. We have very little freedom left, but we are free to think and express ourselves so treat my feelings with a little more respect. Don't carry those thoughts around like the latest edition of the Toronto Star and if something in my heart is troubling me, let me feel free to share it with you. You're my friend, aren't you? You're also an adult, not an immature child because if this was the case, I wouldn't risk to formulate these thoughts...

Then, comes the terrible terrible subject of DRUGS, STIMULANTS CONTRABAND... You know Sis., the fact is that we're in here because we thought that the next guy wasn't intelligent enough to catch us... He showed us d fferent didn't he? We tend to still use that line of thinking... I don't know about you but it got me in a stinking pile of trouble and I don't care to go in here; like you know double trouble... But still sometimes I'm human and I think "Oh-I'm pretty sure I can get away with this or that..." The fact is Sis, that all of the people aren't stupid all of the time. They may trust you once or twice and even sometimes go as far as three. So you think you've gotten away with it until that day when the stimulants have clouded your judgement so much that you're a dead giveway... And WHAM! Away I go... More time, more aggravations, more frustrations.

CONCERN... cont'd

If that was the only negative aspect of it, it would be cool: I'm doing my thing, paying for whatever jollies I get ... free room and board, a free box of Kleenex on Admission day, free use of the washer & dryer (when they work)...

But that's not quite where it's all at. You see, VANIER is an Institution geared to a purpose: The re-entry of you and me into the community as a contributing citizen. I know... sometimes I don't give a hell about contribution to anything either. If I'm here obviously it's that I don't want to be out there just now... But nevertheless, Vanier having that objective of rehabilitation offers different programs to suit different individuals. TAP means TEMPORARY ABSENCE PROGRAM therefore is a program and serves a purpose. It is by far the most important piece of legislation that has ever passed through Queen's Park, as far as I'm concerned, and, on those days that I don't give a shit about anything, a TAP still sounds pretty good to me.

Now, my TA program is being threatened and I don't like it one damn bit. I need your co-operation and you need mine. In order to let Queen's Park know that that TAP means so much to me, I have to be able to go through the proper channels, conduct business with a mature mind and stop fiddling around with petty details such as damn searches that take a day and a dozen staff.

You know the guy out there who is responsible for putting you and me in here, his conscience lies in peace until, two or three months later, he goes through the nightmare of seeing your face out on the street. He doesn't like it and can pick up the phone to voice his discontent: I can't explain to him that I've shown responsibility and that I was trusted enough to be let lose on my own word... Can you just imagine if he sees you stoned? or drunk? or if you get out there and commit another offence? That really blows his mind!

But the consequences of losing the TAP priviledge aren't limited to just forfeiting a few days into the community for a look at how the better half is making out...

CO-CORRECTIONAL...SHERIDAN... SCHOOL...
VOCATIONAL... EDUCATIONAL...RELIGIOUS...

Everything that has any meaning around here stands to be lost if you and I don't give it a shake.

The objectives of ATC or OCI aren't the boys... they're only fringe benefits. Those two institutions can offer us facilities that are impossible for us because of the curse of inflation. But loss of TAP's also means loss of those facilities.

Sis, I know that those are heavy responsibilities and we're not the only ones involved but at least if we do our share, you talk to your friends, I'll talk to mine, pretty soon the threat won't be so frightening. If I wanted to do idle time, I could ask for a placement at the Don Jail and forget about all these programs and responsabilities. Right now. I'm still hoping to get back out there and live a few years of real freedom... No one will give it to me. I must work for it and I'm trying damn hard to pave the road from here.

GIVE ME A HAND WON'T YOU?..... THANKS! LMC